

The Mirror

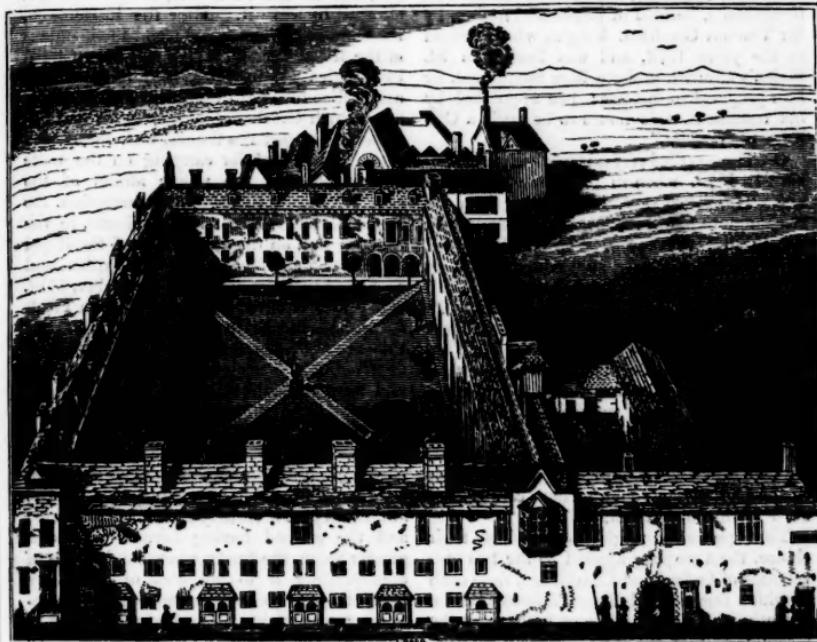
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 655.]

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GRESHAM COLLEGE.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM ranks high in the recording roll of British worth, and deservedly so; for he was a loyal subject, and a merchant of spotless integrity;* and he not only studied the good of his country in his lifetime, but left some magnificent memorials of his truly British spirit. Of these, the Royal Exchange exists, in renovated splendour—a monument of individual munificence, unsurpassed by any similar foundation in Europe.

* Sir Thomas Gresham's shop was in Lombard-street, nearly opposite to the Post Office, on the site now occupied by the banking-house of Messrs. Martin and Co. who are still, Pennant says, in possession of Sir Thomas' original sign, the Grasshopper. But that sign was taken from Lombard-street nearly forty years since, by one of the then partners in the firm, and is supposed to have been long ago destroyed. In Dean Swift's "Wonderful Prophecy," &c. there is a curious allusion to the Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange, and the Dragon on Bow steeple, but what is still more curious is, that during the late repairs of this building and Bow Church, both vane were actually deposited together in one yard, though not at Stocks-market, which now forms the site of the Mansion-house. The lines are as follow: "The Dragon upon Bow Church and the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange, shall meet together upon Stocks-market, and shake hands like brethren."

Not so, however, the College founded by Gresham with the most liberal and enlightened views; which the selfishness of succeeding generations has narrowed into a safe stream of preference and patronage.

This College, or to speak more properly, the residence of Gresham, occupied the site of the present Excise Office. By the last will of Sir Thomas, dated on July 5, 1575, he bequeathed all his interest in the Royal Exchange, and his dwelling-house, (after the decease of the Lady Anne, his wife,) jointly, for ever, to the Corporation and Citizens of London, and the Company of Mercers, upon trust, that, among other conditions, they should provide seven persons, unmarried, to deliver public lectures, gratuitously, in the seven liberal sciences, viz. Divinity, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Law, Physic, and Rhetoric, within his own mansion, in Bishopsgate-street; which, with its gardens and all appurtenances, were to be appropriated to the use of the said persons, "for them and every of them there to inhabit, study, and *daylie* to read the said severall lectures."

Stow, in his *Survey*, after speaking of

Bishopsgate, and of one fair conduit, hard by, within the gate, proceeds thus: "from this conduit have ye (amongst many faire tenements) divers fayre innes, large for receipt of travellers and some houses for men of worship; namely, one most spacious of all thereabouts, builded of bricke and timber, by Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, who deceased in the yeare 1579, and was buried in St. Helen's Church, under a faire monument, by him prepared in his life: hee appointed by his testament, this house to be made a Colledge of Readers."

Sir Thomas died very unexpectedly, November 21, 1579, when in the 61st year of his age. Holinshed says, that coming from the Exchange to his house, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, "he suddenly fell down in his kitchen, and being taken up was found speechlesse, and presentlie dead." His lady survived till November, 1596. In the following year, the seven professors were appointed, under the directions of Sir Thomas's will, and distinct apartments were assigned to each within his late mansion. According to most authorities, the first lectures were delivered in Trinity Term, 1597; but Ward argues from two *Orations*, published by Dr. Gwynne, the first professor of physic, that they could not have commenced until Michaelmas Term, 1598.*

That partiality might not mislead their choice, the Company applied to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, from each of which they elected three Professors, and a seventh, who was graduate of both, upon the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth.

Although Sir Thomas's foundation was not precisely a collegiate one, yet, by general consent, it acquired the appellation of Gresham College almost immediately after it was occupied by the Professors. To this, probably, the regulations originally established by the trustees contributed, as the Professors were to have "a common table" within the house, and, for "the more order and comeliness, to read their lectures as the manner is in the universities—viz., in such hoods and habits as fit their degree." Ward says, "The situation of the place, spaciousness of the fabric, extending westward from Bishopsgate-street into Broad-street, with the eight almshouses situated at the back part of the house; the accommodations for separate apartments of the several Professors, and other rooms for common use; the open courts and covered walks; with the several offices, stables, and gardens—seemed all so well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view at the time he built the house."

In this College was originated the Royal Society, from the weekly conferences of certain erudit scholars and philosophers; the

first of which meetings was held here about the year 1645. But their pursuits were interrupted by the Civil War; and, on the death of the Protector Oliver, in September, 1658, the college was occupied as a military garrison, and all the Professors, except one, constrained to leave it. After the Restoration, the lectures were resumed; and the members of the Royal Society, which was incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, held their regular assemblies here until the Great Fire of 1666; after which Gresham College, which had fortunately escaped the flames, was, for several years, "employed for carrying on the trade and transacting the public affairs of the city."† During this second interruption, the Royal Society met at Arundel House, in the Strand; but, on the completion of the Royal Exchange, in 1673, they returned thither, and continued their meetings till November, 1710, when they removed to Crane Court, in Fleet-street, and thence to Somerset House. By this removal, the Gresham Professors were deprived of the use of the valuable museum and library which belonged to the Society. From other circumstances, disunions arose between the Professors and the College trustees, and the utility of the institution was progressively deteriorated. The buildings were suffered to fall into ruinous decay, till, at last, they were entirely unfit for habitation; and the ground having become of much greater value, the trustees became desirous of appropriating it to purposes of pecuniary interest. To do so, however, legislative interest was requisite. The first application to Parliament, made in 1704, was opposed by the Professors, and was unsuccessful; but, upwards of sixty years afterwards, viz., in 1768, an Act was obtained, authorizing the sale of Gresham College to the Commissioners of Excise, for the purpose of building a new Excise Office upon its site. This was almost immediately effected; and thus, upon the ground

Where once the fairest flowers of science grew, are to this day calculated the grosser profits of Excise revenue. The Corporation were to find "a sufficient and proper place for the Professors to read their lectures in." The place thus appropriated is a room on the

† Ward's *Lives*. The lodgings of the Divinity and Law Professors were assigned for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and the Mercers' Company, and the residue of the apartments (except the astronomer's lodgings), with the Reading Hall, &c. for the city courts and officers. In the south and west galleries, and in the piazza under the former, small shops were erected for the Exchange tenants; and the quadrangle was allotted for the regular meetings of the merchants, as in the Exchange itself. Sheds were also erected, in every available place, for the general convenience of the citizens. "Thus," continues our author, "Gresham College became an epitome of this great city, and the centre of all affairs, both public and private, which were then transacted in it."

* Ward's *Lives of the Professors*.

south-east side of the Royal Exchange, and the lectures were thus arranged :—

Monday—Divinity.	Thursday—Geometry.
Tuesday—Civil Law.	Friday—Rhetoric.
Wednesday—Astronomy and Music.	Saturday—Physic.

The whole matter seems to have been one of mere convenience with the Corporation; for a less appropriate place than the Royal Exchange for the seats of learned professors could scarcely have been chosen; the turmoil of commerce having little in common with the ease and quiet of literary and scientific pursuits. By the Act of Parliament of 1768, the annual salary of each lecturer was increased to 100*l.*, an additional 50*l.* being given in lieu of the household accommodations that were first provided in the College. Lecturers also were authorized to retain their respective situations even in the marriage state, which was not permitted under the original injunctions of the Founder's will; and it may be imagined that these two *doucours* by way of compensation, reconciled the Professors to the change, if not the public to the loss.

The annexed engraving, copied from a plate by Vertue, in Ward's *Lives of the Professors*, shows the College about the year 1740, or twenty-eight years before its removal. The view is looking eastward: the more distant buildings are those which communicated with Bishopsgate-street, among which the reading-hall is discoverable by its gable-end nearly in front. On the south and north sides of the quadrangle, the area of which was about 100 feet square, were arcades; and over the southern arcade was a long gallery, of which a projecting window shows the west end. There was likewise a gallery on the west side, above the eight almshouses in front, distinguished by projecting doorways; the other parts were appropriated to the Professors. This side was upwards of 200 feet in length, and opened towards Broad-street.

"A singular anecdote is connected with this print. At the entrance of the open archway, seen in front, (which led to the stables and other offices,) two persons are represented, the one on his knees, with his arms extended, and his sword dropt, and the other standing over him with his sword elevated. These figures were designed for Drs. Mead and Woodward, the latter of whom was Professor of Physic in Gresham College, and they allude to a transaction of which the following is the history: 'In the exertion of his profession, Dr. Woodward had said or done something that had given offence to Dr. Mead. Mead, resenting it, was determined to have satisfaction, and meeting Woodward in this place, when he was returning to his lodgings in the College, drew, as did his adversary; but Mead, having obtained the advantage of him, commanded him to beg his life. Woodward answered with some wit, "No! Doctor, that I will not,

till I am your patient." However, he yielded, and his submission is marked by a situation that represents him tendering his sword. Dr. Mead was the friend and patron of Ward, which may possibly account for the above fact being so singularly recorded.'"

It should be added, that for many years, the inadequacy of the Gresham lectures to effect any useful purpose has been a subject of complaint, and the respective Professorships have been considered almost sinecures. It is true the public are not excluded from attending the lectures; but the arrangements, in respect to time, have been so precise, and the lectures so purposely unattractive in themselves, that few persons cared to be at the trouble of seeking admission a second time. The lecture-room is at the eastern extremity of the south front of the Exchange, and opens from the gallery. It is a lofty apartment, arranged with a rostrum for the pulpit, and benches for an audience of 100 persons, or upwards. The lectures are delivered in *term-time* only, agreeably to the practice of the Universities: they are then read twice daily, the first time in Latin precisely at twelve at noon; the second time in English, precisely at one o'clock; the duration of each being from about twenty minutes to half an hour. The doors are opened exactly as the clock strikes, and should there not be three persons attending for admission, they are immediately closed again, and no lecture is delivered on that day. About three years ago, an attempt was made to induce the lecturers to change the place of their delivery to one at which there was a probability of their having an auditory beyond that of four or five boys from the Mercers' school, which was the general attendance; and Sir James Scarlett and Sir Edward Sugden were consulted on this point. These learned persons gave it as their opinion, that it was competent for the Gresham Committee to alter the place of delivery to any one within the jurisdiction of the City of London, and to alter the language in which the lectures are read: but the lecturers refused to hold forth in any other place. The Committee consists of twenty-four members: twelve appointed by the Mercers' Company, and twelve by the Corporation of London.

These facts, in substance, were stated at one of the recent sittings of the Committee for Inquiring into Municipal Corporations, at Guildhall; and it is to be hoped that the measure of reform for which this inquiry has been instituted, will provide some means of the Gresham lectureships being made available by those for whose benefit they were originally founded. Nearly six years since we noticed the abuse of Gresham College in plain terms,† with a hope that

• Monthly Magazine, vol. xxii. p. 243.

† See Mirror, vol. xii. p. 34.

"scrutiny would not be stone-blind" in the matter; and in the *Quarterly Review*, a few months after, it was suggested that the lectureships should be converted into fourteen scholarships for King's College, retaining the name and reserving the right of presentation. Another party would have them for the London University; and, in this contest, we trust the prize will not be lost sight of.

We are indebted for some of the preceding antiquarian details to Mr. Brayley's *treasurable Londoniana*.

STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 647 of the *Mirror*, I observe some errors in the communication from F. A. S. on the new church at Stratford. In his digression to West Ham Abbey, he says that "not one stone is left upon another;" the fact is, a curious, old, arched doorway still exists, and forms part of the premises attached to the Adam and Eve inn and tea-gardens; and was formerly included in the space inclosed within the abbey gates. Secondly, the parish of St. Mary, Stratford-le-Bow, could not have obtained its cognomen from the bridge, the parish having probably existed previous to the pontine erection: *le bow* is supposed to be derived from the arches or arched entrance of a church, witness Bow Church, Cheapside, in which is still held the Court of Arches. At Exeter, the arched entrance to a church is still called John's Bow; and in the same city may be seen the parish church of St. Mary Arches. Neither is the workhouse erected on the ruins of the West Ham Abbey: the eastern gateway recently in existence, and of which part of the brickwork foundation yet remains, was at some distance from the site of the former.

May I request your antiquarian Correspondents to correct or confirm my opinion, that the ancient route to "owre ladye of Berkynge" crossed the Lea in the direction of Temple Mills.

J. R. LIMEHOUSE.

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THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN, AND DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. [To the details of this memorable event, accompanying the engraving of the Swede-Stone, in our No. 653, we now add the following version from the graceful pen of the late Lord Dover.]

On the 5th of November, Gustavus had defeated the Croatian rear-guard of Wallenstein; and the same evening he appeared also on the plain of Lutzen, and drew up his army in order of battle, and then waited for daylight to commence the contest.

As soon as the morning dawned, Gustavus threw himself on his knees in front of his lines, in which he was followed by the whole army. After reciting some short prayers,

they sang two hymns taken from the forty-sixth and sixty-seventh Psalms; and then the king, mounting his horse, rode along the regiments. He was this day clothed in a plain cloth coat with a leathern collar; the pain of an old wound making it unpleasant to him to wear a cuirass. His attendants however urged him to put one on, but he only answered them by saying, "The Lord is my armour!" The morning was foggy; this prevented the troops from engaging till eleven o'clock; when the mist cleared away, and discovered the Duke of Friedland's army, and the village of Lutzen in flames. In front of the army of Gustavus were some deep ditches, which had been taken possession of by the infantry of Wallenstein; who had also planted artillery on their banks. In spite of these dispositions the attack of the Swedes proved irresistible, the ditches were passed, and the imperial artillery turned against its original possessors. The first brigade of Wallenstein's infantry, and the second had been already beaten, and the third was preparing to fly; when that commander himself appeared, and in an instant rallied his troops. Now began a most furious combat, in which the soldiers engaged one another hand to hand, and the carnage was great. At length the Swedes, fatigued with their labours, gave way, and retired beyond the ditches; and the Imperialists recovered their cannon.

Meanwhile Gustavus, at the head of his right wing, had beaten the enemies opposed to him; when he heard of the retreat of the other part of his army. He then charged Horn to follow up his victory, and set off at full gallop, followed by a few of his attendants. He passed the ditch, and directed his course to the part where his troops seemed the most pressed. As he passed rapidly along, a corporal of the Imperialists, observing that every one made way for him, said to a musketeer near him, "Take aim at that man, he must be a person of consequence." The man fired, and broke the king's arm. In a moment a cry of horror broke from the Swedes, "The king bleeds! the king is wounded!"—"It is nothing," replied Gustavus, "follow me;" but overcome with pain, he was obliged to desist, and turning to Francis Albert, duke of Saxe Lauenberg, he entreated him to lead him quietly out of the crowd. They rode away together, and proceeded towards the right wing, in order to arrive at which they were obliged to make a considerable circuit. By the way Gustavus received another ball in the back, which took away the rest of his strength. "I am a dead man," said he, with a feeble voice, "leave me, and only try to save your own life." At the same time he fell from his horse, and pierced with many wounds, expired in the hands of the Croatians, who were scouring that part of the field. While on the ground

he was asked who he was, and replied boldly, "I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany"—a sentence of almost prophetic truth. He then added, in a faltering voice, "Alas, my poor queen!"—and as he was expiring he said, "My God! my God!" In an instant his body was stripped; so anxious were the Imperialists to have any trophies of so great an enemy. His leathern collar was sent to the emperor—a common soldier seized his sword. His ring and spurs were sold—and Schneberg, a lieutenant in the Imperial army, seized his gold chain, which is still preserved in the family of that officer at Paderborn.

But the king's horse, bathed with blood, and dashing along without his rider, soon discovered to the cavalry the horrible truth of their loss. They instantly rushed forward to obtain possession of his remains; and a bloody combat took place around his body. The news of his death, instead of discouraging his army, only excited their fury, and urged them to more desperate deeds of valour. Again the ditches were passed and the artillery retaken—the right wing of the Imperialists was routed—and the centre was beginning to give way. The victory of the Swedes seemed inevitable, when at this critical moment Pappenheim appeared. The order to recall this general had reached him at Halle. His soldiers were engaged in the sack of that town, and he was not therefore able to collect his infantry, and bring them with him: but he instantly set off himself at the head of his cavalry. This apparition re-established the battle; the Swedes were driven back, and the cannon again retaken. But the term of Pappenheim's career was arrived: two musket balls pierced his breast, and he fell, contented, as he said to die, when he heard that the enemy of his religion had already perished. At the time of his death, though only thirty-five years of age, Pappenheim had the scars of one hundred wounds on his person. After his death, the Imperialists again gave way, and the cannon were again retaken by the Swedes; but nothing could stop the bloody contest but the darkness of night. The Swedes, however, had decided the advantage, as they remained possessors of the field of battle (Wallenstein retiring upon Leipsick, and shortly afterwards to Prague), and took possession of all the enemies' artillery.

Thus perished in the flower of his age and the zenith of his glory, the great Gustavus; deplored by his followers and friends; and admired even by his greatest enemies. But, though dead, his spirit still seemed to watch over the Swedish arms, and to ensure their success. For sixteen long years did they nobly contend to support the fame they had already won, and to obtain an honourable

peace; nor were their efforts vain. Contemporaries were anxious to prove that the king of Sweden had perished by treachery; and they designated Duke Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenberg (a man of bad character, who had served all sides, and all parties, and who on the memorable day of Lutzen, had followed Gustavus like his evil genius, had been with him when he was wounded and when he died), as the author of this execrable treason. But we have no evidence to support this hypothesis; which indeed would appear to have been founded chiefly upon the love of the world for the mysterious and the marvellous.

"The good fortune, which had never abandoned the king of Sweden during his career," observes Schiller, "accorded to him also the rare favour of dying in the plenitude of his glory, and in all the purity of his renown. By a premature death, his guardian angel preserved him from the inevitable lot of humanity; the forgetfulness of modesty in the extreme height of success, and that of justice in the height of power."

The same author also thus sketches the salient points of his character—"He was never seduced by the equivocal glory of a conqueror, who lavishes the blood of his people in unjust wars; but a war of justice found him ever disposed to dare greatly. A lively and unaffected piety exalted the courage which animated his great heart.

[The work whence this passage is extracted—*Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe*,—has a peculiarly melancholy interest. It was written by Lord Dover for "the instruction and amusement of his eldest son," and his Lordship corrected the last proofsheet a few days before his lamented death. The volume contains memoirs of Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, Peter the Great, and Frederick the Great: it is written in a charming style, and is in every respect worthy of the success of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, beside which it may advantageously rank in the juvenile library.]

Anecdote Gallery.

SUDDEN DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

It is related, (says Baker,) that a gentleman of the name of Bond, collecting a party of his friends, got up the play of *Zara*, at the music room in Villiers-street, York-buildings, and chose the part of Lusignan for himself. His acting was considered as a prodigy; and he yielded himself up so to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, that, on the discovery of his daughter, he fainted away. The house rang with applauses; but, finding that he continued a long time in that situation, the audience began to be uneasy and apprehensive. With some difficulty, the representatives of Chatillon and Nerestan

placed him in his chair; he then faintly spoke, extended his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever.

In October, 1758, Joseph Peterson, (an actor long attached to the Norwich company,) was performing the Duke in *Measure for Measure*, which he played in a masterly style, and had just uttered these words,

" — Reason thus with life
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
art."*

when he dropped into Mr. Moody's arms and never spoke again.

A similar end was that of Mr. John Palmer: on the 2nd of August, 1798, while performing in the play of the *Stranger* at the Liverpool theatre, after uttering the line

" There is another and a better world,"

he fell on his back, heaved a convulsive sigh and instantly expired. P. T. W.

TAYLOR THE WATER POET.

This writer is usually distinguished by the title of the water poet, having been of no higher occupation than a sculler on the river Thames. He was born in the city of Gloucester, in 1580; but received hardly any education, as he declares he scarcely learnt his Accidence; and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek. He was bound apprentice to a waterman in London, and at the intervals which he could spare from his business, used to employ himself in writing pamphlets, of which some are not destitute of merit. He was fourteen or fifteen years servant in the Tower, and once was mad enough to venture himself and a companion in a boat made of paper to Rochester; but before they landed, the water soaked through, and, if it had not been for corks or bladders, they had been both drowned. In the year 1632, a folio volume of his works was published, containing about half the number of pieces which he produced. He was a violent loyalist, and at the beginning of the rebellion retired to Oxford, from whence on the surrender of that place, he returned to London, and kept a public-house in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre. On the death of the king, he set up the sign of the Mourning Crown; but that giving offence to the reigning powers, he was obliged to pull it down; on which he hung up his own picture, under which were written these two lines: viz.

" There's many a king's head hang'd up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too. Then why not
mine."

Taylor died in the year 1654, aged 74, and was buried in Covent Garden churchyard.

P. T. W.

* These words are on his gravestone.

LAWYERS.

LORD ELLESMORE, who was made keeper of the seals in the 38th of Queen Elizabeth, was son to a servant maid named Sparks, who had lived with his father, Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was compelled to beg for support; when a neighbouring gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as he was, to wander from door to door. He was touched with the reproof, adopted the child, and, by a proper education, laid the foundation of its future fortune. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says that " surely Christendom afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenances than Sir Thomas Egerton; insomuch that many who have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable aspect and garb, were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle."

The patent of the Harcourt barony, (now extinct,) recites, that Lord Chancellor Harcourt " daily despatches a multitude of suits in Chancery, removes obstacles which delay judgment in that court, and takes special care that the successful issue of an honest cause should cost every plaintiff as little as may be."

Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the Chancellor, loved money as well as he did, and what he got she saved. The purse in which the great seal is carried is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during Hardwicke's time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal-bearer's profit, for she annually retained the purse herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state-rooms at Wimpole. So many of them were saved, that at length she had enough to hang the state-room, and make curtains for the bed.

Lord Erskine one morning called upon a friend, and was scarcely shown into the parlour when he exclaimed, " I seldom put my foot in a hackney coach that I do not lose something!" " What has your lordship lost?" " My great coat, and very provoking it is, for it was quite a new one." " Does your lordship usually wear two at a time?" inquired his friend, who perceived Lord Erskine had forgotten he was bearing the lost garment on his back.

When Lord Norbury was once presiding in one of the Irish criminal courts, the regi-

tar complained to him that witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his lordship, "if the rascal read the book it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

According to Whitelocke, (says Lord Nugent,) Chief Justice Coke was preparing, against his own conscience and conviction, to give judgment for the king, (in the memorable case of ship-money,) but he was reproached for his baseness by his wife. This noble lady cast the shield of her feminine virtue before the honour of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery which is so often found in the purest and brightest of her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty, at any risk to herself or her children; and she prevailed.

W. G. C.

THE POET COWPER.

WHEN WILLIAM COWPER the poet resided at East Dereham, Norfolk, he was in the habit of frequently conversing with Mr. Phylo, the parish clerk. One day, when the former was returning from his morning walk, he met the latter who accosted him with "Good morning, sir; I am afraid you have been ill, as I have not seen you at church these several Sundays past;" to which the poet replied, "I thank you, Mr. Phylo, I have not been more indisposed than usual: the reason I have not attended the church is, I do not consider myself good enough."

JAMES HICKINS.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

[In setting before our readers the latest intelligence from the scene of these exertions, we may mention the following matters connected with them, which have reached us from various quarters. A friend in Glasgow informs us, that, stimulated by reports of the extreme cheapness of those staple articles, ivory and indigo, at Rabba, and other concerning mercantile news, and also by higher motives, the design of sending out another Niger expedition is contemplated by an association of Glasgow merchants. This patriotic undertaking is, we have reason to believe, actually in progress. Never, indeed, was there more favourable opportunity than is now offered for penetrating into the unknown regions of Africa, to explore the magnificent Lake Tshad, and correct the geography of the central parts of this interesting continent—left vague and incorrect by Herodotus, Pliny, Ptolemy, Leo Africanus, and all the Arabian authorities.]

The African indigo is, we are assured by competent judges who have examined specimens of it on the coast, superior to that imported from the East Indies; and this accounts for the beautiful blue dye and

brilliant colour of the native clothing. We are convinced that eminent benefit to the trade of England may speedily result from this alone; but when we add, that its prime cost on the Niger was not *three-halfpence per pound*, and that the ivory was less than *twopence*, we have said enough to awaken the spirit of commercial speculation to a pursuit which promises such returns.—*Editor of the Literary Gazette.*]

ACCOUNTS of this interesting expedition, up to the 5th of January, have been received. At that date, Lander was on board the Curlew ship of war, on his way to Cape Coast Castle, for the purpose of procuring a particular species of goods for the markets in the interior, of which he had not previously taken a sufficient supply. If successful in this object, it was his intention to return to the mouth of the Nun; thence to *re-ascend the Niger for the third time*, and endeavour to penetrate as far up the river as Boussá. It is highly interesting to know that, previous to his last return to the coast, Lander and Lieut. Allen had fortunately reached Rabbah, or Rabba (a large Falatah town), in the iron steam-boat; and for the space of thirteen or fourteen days, had maintained a friendly intercourse, and carried on an advantageous trade, with its inhabitants. The depth of the water at that place was between two and three fathoms, and as far as could be seen beyond it, the Niger was free from rocks and other obstructions, and assumed a majestic and very encouraging appearance. For the reason already mentioned, Lander was obliged to return to the coast, though it has been intimated to us that he hastily quitted Rabbah on account of some unfavourable rumours which had reached him, to the effect that the people wished to inveigle our countrymen on shore, in order to seize their persons and destroy their boat. This is, however, an improbable supposition; for as far as we can learn, the general bearing of the inhabitants towards the English was any thing but hostile. This important town is inhabited by Falatahs and negroes, and realizes the expectations that had been formed of it, as regards its extent, its wealth, and its population. A few Tuâricks, from the borders of the desert, and other Arabs, were observed by our countrymen in the streets of Rabba.

Another important feature of this expedition is, the circumstance that our travellers have ascended the river *Tshadda*, as high as 150 miles from its junction with the Niger. At that point, and at some distance below and above it, the river was found to be intersected with islands, and comparatively shallow, alternately becoming broad and narrow, in proportion as its channel was free from, or obstructed by, these islands. No traces of inhabitants appeared on the banks of this very interesting river; and Lander and his valuable coadjutor were compelled to return to the Niger for want of provisions. All the natives in this part of the country agree in the assertion that the *Tshadda* communicates with Lake *Tshad*, the

inland sea of Africa. They do not hazard this as a mere conjecture, but state it with confidence as a well-known and undisputed fact. This being the case, though it be at variance with the opinion entertained of it by many of our scientific countrymen, the concurrent testimony of the natives, who, after all, are better acquainted than we are with the geography of their own country, is entitled to respect. It should also be remembered, that the *Tshadda* has not received its name, (any more than its gigantic namesake,) from Europeans, but from the natives themselves, who have never bestowed on it any other appellation. On a small island near Attâ, Lander has erected a kind of mud fort, which will also answer the purpose of a dépôt for British goods. This place has been named English Island, and it possesses peculiar facilities for trading purposes in that part of the country. The King of Attâ, who seems to have formed an attach-

ment to Lander, had presented him with four small but very beautiful horses, which he succeeded in conveying to Fernando Po. Poor old Pasko, the black who buried Belzoni, and whose name occurs so frequently in Claperton's journal and the narrative of the Landers, is dead. He had joined the present expedition at Cape Coast Castle, and expired up the Niger after a short illness. Lieut. Allen has rendered an important service to the cause of science by the observations he made while on the *Niger* and *Tshadda*. In fact, they must be invaluable. We believe this enterprising and intrepid young officer is expected to arrive shortly from the coast of Africa; and it is almost needless to say, we shall hail his return to his native country with infinite pleasure. Lander has lost every symptom of his late severe indisposition, and looks as hardy as an Arab. He wears a luxuriant beard, which extends to his waist.

Fine Arts.



(Hogarth's Card.)

HOGARTHIANA.

THE late Mr. Samuel Ireland, a laborious collector of scarce books, prints, and other rarities of art, possessed a large assemblage of pictures, drawings, and prints, by our inimitable painting moralist, Hogarth; of which he etched copies, just forty years ago, and published the same in a volume of "Graphic Illustrations." Of these curiosities the two following are specimens.

The first is Hogarth's own shop bill, or message card, which bears the date of April, 1720; "a period," says Ireland, "at which this artist with his superior abilities, seems to have been compelled to drudge in the humble pursuit of engraving ornaments in silver, shop-bills for mechanics, or inferior

plates for booksellers." In the card, the female figure is looking up towards a boy who is probably meant allegorically to express Design or Invention; and the figure of the old man writing on the opposite side, that of History. An impression of the original print of this card was once sold for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds.

The second cut represents the lion's head letter-box of Button's Coffee-house, also designed by Hogarth.

Button's will be recollected by every one who has read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, or *Guardian*, as a place of great resort among the first-rate wits of the last century. It was situated on the south side of Russell-street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite Tom's. The

master was one Daniel Button, who, Dr. Johnson says, had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, and was placed in this coffee-house under the patronage of Mr. Addison. If we may judge from the political character of Addison, and from a passing remark in the *Spectator*, Button's seems to have been mostly frequented by Tories: the writer of that paper saying, "I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Childs." On the north side of Russell-street and at the west corner of Bow-street, stood Wills' coffee-house, much resorted to by Dryden. Here it was not an uncommon practice of a celebrated Middlesex magistrate of that day, one Giles Earl, "a creature of Sir Robert Walpole's," to examine culprits in the public room, for the entertainment of the company; which, at times, became so numerous as to give rise to a new coffee-house in the neighbourhood; and this we find to be Button's. Soon after this was established, Tom's in Russell-street was likewise opened by a waiter from Wills', named Thomas Irvin, from whom it derived its name.



(Button's Letter-box.

Through the mouth of this lion's head, letters were dropped into a till at Button's. It was tolerably well carved, and upon the coffee-house being taken down about 1744, it was removed to the Shakspeare Tavern, and given to the landlord. We know not whether it is still preserved; but Lord Chesterfield is said to have once offered for this relic, fifty guineas. The first sentence of the verse beneath the lion's mouth is from the 23rd epigram of Martial, and the latter from the 61st, lib. 1.

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Manners and Customs.

ANCIENT DOLES.

Strow, in his examples of housekeeping, laments the decline of the laudable custom of giving relief to the indigent at the gates of great men, in his day; which before had been so general that alms-dishes (into which certain portions of meat for the needy were carved) were to be seen at every nobleman and prelate's table. Richard de Berry, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward III., had every week eight quarters of wheat made into bread for the poor, besides his alms-dishes, fragments of his house, and great sum of money bestowed by him in his journeys. West, Bishop of Ely, in 1532, daily fed two hundred poor people at his gates; and the Lord Cromwell usually the same number. Edward, Earl of Derby, fed upwards of sixty aged poor, besides all comers, thrice a week, and furnished on Good Friday two thousand seven hundred people with meat, drink, and money. Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, during his primacy, not only maintained many poor scholars at the Universities, but was exceeding bountiful to other persons in distress. Besides the daily fragments of his house (says Godwin), he gave every Friday and Sunday, unto every beggar that came to his door, a loaf of bread of a farthing price; and there were usually such alms-day, in time of dearth, to the number of five thousand, but, in a plentiful season, four thousand, and seldom or never under; which, *communibus annis*, amounted unto five hundred pounds a year. Over and above this, he used to give, every great festival day, one hundred and fifty pence to so many poor people—to send daily meat, drink, and bread, unto such as by reason of age and sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate, and to send money, meat, apparel, &c., to such as he thought wanted the same, and were ashamed to beg. But of all other, he was wont to take the greatest compassion upon those that by any misfortune were decayed, and had fallen from wealth to poor estate.

W. G. C.

FONTS AND BAPTISM.

(From various Authorities.)

In the primitive times, fonts were not placed in churches, but it was the custom to baptize in rivers; or the baptistery was a kind of font in which the catechumens were plunged. Justin Martyr describes the baptized persons as being washed in water, and calls the place where they were baptized, a washing-place or a bath. But this practice was discontinued through persecution, and private houses were chosen for their reception. In more peaceable times, they were established near the church, in a little building purposely appointed;—

afterwards leave was given to erect them in the church porch, and, at last, about the sixth century, they were placed inside the church, had oratories and altars, and were adorned with various pictures, such as John baptizing our Lord, Peter, Cornelius, &c., the font being of very rich workmanship: one is described as being supported by twelve oxen. The fonts were anciently locked up in Lent, because Easter and Whitsuntide, except upon peril of death, were seasons of baptism. This custom was abolished about the year 1100, chiefly because it was dangerous, from fear of death, and the number of infants which died; but the old custom of baptizing at Easter and Pentecost remained long after. Sometimes fonts were constructed of silver, of which kind were those for ancient princes, &c. The water was changed every seventh day. Wherever they were placed, they were held in the highest veneration. At first, there were several fonts in each baptistery, because a number were baptized at once, all of whom received the eucharist and confirmation immediately after. But these baptisteries were only established in great cities where bishops resided, who alone had the right of baptizing; afterwards they allowed parish churches to have fonts, for the more commodious administration of this ceremony. The ancient duty for christening was the chrysome, or face-cloth, which covered the child at its baptism; but if it died, only twopence, the woman's offering at her churhing, the face-cloth, being kept to wind the child in. Mr. Douce says that it was the ancient practice, in baptism, not only to use water but oil, which was called chrism; with this the priest made the sign of the cross on the child's breast and between the shoulders; and, after immersion, made another cross on the head with the oil; then the chrysome was put on, the priest asking, at the same time, the child's name, and saying a prayer. The chrysome was sometimes ornamented with a crown, worked in crimson thread, alluding to the passion of Christ and the crown of eternal life obtained by his sacrifice: it was to be worn seven days, symbolical of the seven ages of man's life, and taken off on the eighth. After the Reformation, the oil was omitted, and the chrysome worn till the mother's churhing.

The following description of a mystical ceremony relating to baptism, as observed in the Romish Church on the Saturday after Good Friday, is given in the *Office of Holy Week*:—1. The priest divides the water in the form of a cross, to teach us that it confers grace and sanctity by the means of Christ crucified. 2. He touches it with his hand, praying that it may be free from all impression of evil spirits. 3. He signs it thrice with the sign of the cross, to bless it in the name of the Holy Trinity. 4. He parts it with his

hand, and casts out some of it towards the four quarters of the world, to instruct us that the grace of baptism, like the rivers of Paradise, flows all over the earth. 5. He blows thrice upon it in the form of a cross, beseeching God to bless it by the infusion of his Holy Spirit, that it may receive the virtue of sanctifying the soul. 6. He plunges the paschal candle thrice into it, praying that the Holy Ghost may descend upon it, as it did at the baptism of Christ in the waters of Jordan. 7. He mixes holy oil and chrism with it, to signify that baptism consecrates us to God, and gives us spiritual strength to contend with and overcome all the enemies of our soul.

W. G. C.

PERIAPTS.

PERIAPTS were amulets, or charms, worn as preservatives from danger or disease. Of these, says Steevens, the first chapter of *St. John's Gospel* was deemed the most efficacious. Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves, says Malone, what Mr. Steevens has asserted:—"A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. 'Wherefore, I pray you,' replied the cardinal, 'serves *St. John's Gospel*?' 'Alas! my lord,' said the priest, 'these curs understand no Latin.'"

P. T. W.

CURIOS LANGUAGES AND COMPUTATIONS.

MUNGO PARK tells us that the Mandingo nation calls fruit, *eree-ding*, i. e., child of the trees; noon, *teeleekoniata*, the sun over our head; finger, *boullakonding*, child of the hand or arm; brother, *bading-keea*; mother's male child; sister, *bading-moosa*, mother's female child.

The North American Indians call the moon *tibisca-pesum*, signifying the night sun. The Otaheitans call the gun *tick-tick-bow*, from its cocking and report.

The Kamtschakans denominate the Russian clergymen *bog-bog*, because they often repeat the sound *bog*, which, in the Russian language, signifies God.

The Esquimaux word for much is expressed *wonwaveucktuckluit*; the word little is *mikkenawkroot*.

Among the South Americans, three is called *poellarrarorincourac*.

Among the Mexicans, a title of address is named *notlazomahuitzteopixcatalzin*, and signifies my very revered father, or my revered priest.

There is a very curious work, which is very rare, published at Paris in the year 1632, viz. *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*

avec un Dictionnaire de la Langue Huronne. Mr. Evans, in his Descriptive Catalogue of Mr. Hanrott's late sale of books, says—“This work is extremely rare when found complete. The Dictionary is almost always wanting.” “It was the perusal of this Dictionary,” says Lord Monboddo, “and the account of the language prefixed to it, that first made me think of this work—*The Origin and Progress of Language*.

Sagard's account of the Hurons abounds in curious and entertaining matter. “Their language is very defective. It has neither tenses, persons, numbers, nor genders. The Hurons supply the deficiency by accents only, by means of which they can impart different significations to the same word.”

Computations.—There are nations which reckon only by a computation with their fingers, and carry their ideas of numbers no farther than ten; but the Kamtschatkans (thanks to the *march* of intellect) take in the *toes*, and can go as far as twenty: these people can reckon no farther; and, when they have advanced to this limit, they say, “Where shall we go now?”

According to Lord Monboddo, the Indians stick fast at the number three.

P. T. W.

The Public Journals.

PIEDRA DE LA MADRE; OR, THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

NEAR the spot where Atabapo flows into the Rio Temi, there rises a mass of granite called the Rock of the Guahibi woman, and sometimes the Piedra de la Madre. Natural charity, which will assert its rights, even where it is most brutally outraged, has given this name to the spot. The story is related by Humboldt; and we could have wished to see it appropriated by Mrs. Hemans, in her “Songs of the Affections.” Modern history affords few themes so full of simple and pathetic interest. About fifty years back, the Spanish missionary at San Fernando, led his Indians to the banks of the Guaviare, to seize by violence some of the native children, to be made slaves to the mission, and converts to the religion of Him who took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, “Suffer little children to come to Me.” In a hut, the men-hunters found a Guahibi mother, with three children, of whom two were still infants. Her husband was absent fishing; and she was employed in preparing the flour of the cassava root, for the sustenance of her family. In vain she attempted to flee with her little ones. The captive group were bound and carried to the station of the mission. The mother repeatedly afterwards attempted to escape with her children; but was as often tracked and dragged back by

the Indians. At length the cruel resolution was taken to separate her from the children. She was conveyed up the river to a distant missionary station, without knowing whither she was going; save that the current and the course of the sun indicated that it was farther and farther from her children and her native plains. She succeeded in bursting her bands, and plunging into the stream, to return to her children, swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The spot to which she floated was the rock which now takes its name from her history. In the tangled forests on the banks of the river, she tried to conceal herself; but was once more discovered, brought back, and stretched on the rock. But the poet shall tell the rest.]

They stretched her on the rugged rock,
They scourged her naked frame,—
While taunting jest and mockery
Were lavished on her shame.

The burning rock was wet with tears
Shed for a mother's wrong;
As agonized, she writhed beneath
The keen, the torturing thong.

Swift fell the arm of vengeful power,
Wielded by natures fierce.

Whose stony hearts no pity felt,
Nor prayers nor cries could pierce.

The Mother's Rock was spotted o'er
With drops of crimson blood;

Her piercing shrieks, her anguished groans,
Rose wildly o'er the flood.

Oh, Heaven! were these thy messengers,
Man's sinful soul to save,

Whose piety had led them forth
To cross the boundless wave?

They spoke of love, of charity,
Yet treated men as slaves;

They made that Paradise a Hell,
Thick-floored with tear-worn graves.

No, no! thy mission breathed of love—
Of peace to all—of joy—
Of holy calm—of happiness—
Of hope, without alloy.

A curse upon the blasphemers,
Who stole thy sacred garb,
Who flung, amidst those quiet homes,
Their arrows, poison-barbed.

Oh, mother! broken, bud-stript flower!
Was this thy sole reward,
For untold dangers overcome—
For all thy perils dared?

Robbed of her treasured joys—her loves—
Despair froze up her tears,
And iced the very springs of life—
Destroyed her hopes, her fears.

Heart-broken, withering, dying fast—
With spirit unsubdued—
Firmly she shuts her parched lips,
Refuses drink or food.

Bleeding, fast-fettered, far away,
Beyond her children's cry,
High tow'rd the Orinoco's source
They bore her—but to die!

Passive, listless, stirless now,
With closing, sunken eyes—
With thin, attenuate, woe-worn cheeks,—
The Indian mother lies.

Roused by the river's rush—the voice
Of whispering, tuneful trees—
Or by the freshness eddying round,
Brought by the passing breeze,—

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She looks abroad—a quiet smile
Upon her pale cheeks played—
She thinks that midst her happy home,
Her dying limbs are laid.
Brightly the quivering sunbeams danced,
Their broken radiance shed—
The cocoa and the gleaming palm
Waved high above her head.
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

A FOX YARN.

(From *Jacob Faithful*.)

I RECOLLECT once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another 'fall,' cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off, but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice, as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I never shall forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and she was then an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to

remain and flay the beast; for I knew if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing: instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manoeuvre no doubt saved my life; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half an hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half a dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, cased firing. They

had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob."—*Metropolitan.*

BRING ME ROSES!
Welsh Air—"Arhyd Y nos."

BRING me roses, I will weave them,
Le don de l'Amour!
Ere the dews of heaven leave them,
Le don de l'Amour!
Love's own blushes glow around them,
Breathing odours all surround them,
See! in sportive wreath I've bound them,
Le don de l'Amour!
Take, O take some winged fairy
Le don de l'Amour!
And bind round the brow of Mary,
Le don de l'Amour!
From her lips, sweet beds of pleasure,
Bring me words of golden measure,
Tell, ah! tell me, she will treasure
Le don de l'Amour!
Ah! they fall—my cherish'd roses!
Le don de l'Amour!
Leaf by leaf on earth repose
Le don de l'Amour!
So the hopes of love deceive us,
So our wreathed blessings leave us,
Given but the more to grieve us,
Le don de l'Amour.

Metropolitan.

Notes of a Reader.

VIRGINIA WATER.

[To the fidelity of this scene we can bear testimony from one of our last summer's rambles, save and except the writer's admiration of the fishing-temple, which is in bad and tawdry taste.]

The drive from this part of the park (the end of the long walk) to Virginia Water, and from thence through the Blackness gate is exceedingly beautiful. The clumps of beech trees, the oak wood, the whole of the scenery, form together a charming picture. The lodge occupied by his late Majesty has been pulled down, with the exception of the banqueting room and the conservatory.

On the descent of the hill, leading to the Virginia Water, stands a fine old beech tree which might serve as a study to a painter. Its roots appear above the soil with curious contortions, and add very much to the picturesque effect of the tree.

The first view of the Virginia Water is very striking. The fishing temple—the tents—the lake and the cottage, all produce a good effect, and the banks of the water are particularly well planted. The Belvidere and the Obelisk are happily placed, and a

pretty frigate in miniature adds to the charm of the scene. The fishing boats are fitted up with every comfort and convenience, and are exceedingly well kept. The only regret I felt on visiting this charming spot, was not being allowed to bring my trolling rod with me.

His Majesty's magnificent present to the Zoological Society, of the beasts lately kept in this park, has deprived visitors of one of the objects of curiosity which brings them to Windsor. The animals, however, are more accessible in the Regent's Park than they were at the Sandpit Gate. I was informed that the person who had the care of them once very nearly lost his life. The circumstance was as follows. He not unfrequently allowed the boa constrictor to enjoy a certain degree of liberty by turning it loose in his sitting room. On one of these occasions the animal wound himself round the body of the keeper, and would probably have crushed him to death in a few moments, had not his cries brought some one to his assistance, when the animal was disengaged. The snake, I believe, cannot apply the whole force of its body till the tail is firmly attached to some object, and then, having obtained a purchase, as it were, the *crush* is instantaneous.

I must now bid adieu to

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats." But the Forest is now, alas! no more. The hundred miles of green drive which were kept up for the convenience of his late Majesty George III., at a trifling expense, and where he followed his stag hounds, have all disappeared. Perhaps no monarch in Europe could have boasted of such an appanage to the seat of royalty. The Forest has been divided and subdivided, and scarce a vestige of it is left, except what has been apportioned to the crown, adjoining the Great Park.—*Jesse's Gleanings.**

NEGRO FUNERALS.

The negroes are always buried in their own gardens, and many strange and fantastical ceremonies are observed on the occasion. If the corpse be that of a grown person, they consult it as to which way it pleases to be carried; and they make attempts upon various roads without success, before they can hit upon the right one. Till that is accomplished, they stagger under the weight of the coffin, struggle against its force, which draws them in a different direction from that in which they had settled to go; and sometimes in the contest the corpse and the coffin jump off the shoulders of the bearers. But if, as is frequently the case, any person is suspected of having hastened the catastrophe, the corpse will then refuse to go any road but the one

* See also Supplement, published with the present Number.

which passes by the habitation of the suspected person, and as soon as it approaches his house, no human power is equal to persuading it to pass. As the negroes are extremely superstitious, and very much afraid of ghosts (whom they call the *duppy*), it is surprising that they choose to have their dead buried in their gardens; but their argument is, that they need only fear the duppies of their enemies, and have nothing to apprehend from those after death, who loved them in their lifetime; but the duppies of their adversaries are very alarming beings, equally powerful by day as by night, and who not only are spiritually terrific, but who can give very hard substantial knocks on the pate, whenever they see fit occasion, and can find a good opportunity.—*Lewis's Journal of a West India Proprietor.**

A WATER MELON.

I NEVER met with a worse article in my life; the pulp is of a faint greenish yellow, stained here and there with spots of moist red, so that it looks exactly as if the servant in slicing it had cut his finger, and suffered it to bleed over the fruit. Then the seeds, being of a dark purple, present the happiest imitation of drops of clotted gore; and altogether (prejudiced as I was by its appearance), when I had put a single bit into my mouth, it had such a kind of Shylocky taste of raw flesh about it (not that I recollect having ever eaten a bit of raw flesh itself) that I sent away my plate, and was perfectly satisfied as to the merits of the fruit.—*Lewis.*

CHEAP LITERATURE.

If it were not for the unfortunate consequences with which the mania for cheap literature has been attended, and the total inefficacy of the scientific barrier which its authors are now seeking to oppose to its devastation, it would be one of the happiest subjects of the novelist's satire, or the poet's ridicule. They put us in mind of the admirable picture in *Old Mortality* of the corresponding frenzy of the Covenant: would that we had a Sir Walter to crush by ridicule, the still more perilous mania of the present times! Well may the political fanatics of these days say to their scientific instructors, with old Mause and the religious fanatics of Bothwell Brig, "The mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fuzenless bran, instead of the sweet word in season; and mony a hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that may warn him to the great work, has a dry clatter of *science* driven about his lugs."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

* See also Supplement, published with the present Number.

AGE AND YOUTH.

How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and the feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption, on their part, been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt—and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear—the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice—and the tears springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion, have often and often been ascribed by prejudging and self-opinionated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly, and even when judged correctly, should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the cast away.—*Jacob Faithful in the Metropolitan.*

ON SLEEP.

(From Macnish's *Philosophy of Sleep*.)

Magnetic Sleep.—According to the report made by a Committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, animal magnetism appears to have the power of inducing a peculiar species of somnambulism. The circumstances seem so curious, that, even authenticated as they are by men of undoubted integrity and talent, it is extremely difficult to place reliance upon them. The person who is thrown into the magnetic sleep is said to acquire a new consciousness, and entirely to forget all the events of his ordinary life. When this sleep is dissolved, he gets into his usual state of feeling and recollection, but forgets everything that happened during the sleep; being again magnetized, however, the remembrance of all that occurred in the previous sleep is brought back to his mind. In one of the cases above related, the patient, a lady of sixty-four years, had an ulcerated cancer in the right breast. She had been magnetized for the purpose of dissolving the tumour, but no other effect was produced than that of throwing her into a species of somnambulic sleep, in which sensibility was annihilated, while her ideas retained all their clearness. In this state, her surgeon, M. Chapelain, disposed her to submit to an operation, the idea of which she rejected with horror *when awake*. Having formally given her consent, she undressed herself, sat down upon a chair, and the diseased glands were carefully and deliberately dissected out, the

patient conversing all the time and being perfectly insensible of pain. On awaking, she had no consciousness whatever of having been operated upon; but being informed of the circumstance, and seeing her children around her, she experienced the most lively emotion, which the magnetizer instantly checked by again setting her asleep. These facts appear startling and incredible. I can give no opinion upon the subject from anything I have seen myself; but the testimony of such men as Cloquet, Georget, and Itard, is not to be received lightly on any physiological point; and they all concur in bearing witness to such facts as the above.

EFFECT OF DRYNESS UPON ANIMALS.

Want of moisture produces torpor in some animals. This is the case with the garden snail, which revives if a little water is thrown on it. Snails, indeed, have revived after being dried for fifteen years. Mr. Baucer has restored the *vibris tritici* (a species of worm) after perfect torpidity and apparent death for five years and eight months, by merely soaking it in water. The *furcularia anostoea*, a small microscopic animal, may be killed and revived a dozen times by drying it and then applying moisture. According to Spallanzani, animalculi have been recovered by moisture after a torpor of twenty-seven years. Larger animals are thrown into the same state from want of moisture. Such, according to Humboldt, is the case with the alligator and boa constrictor during the dry season in the plains of Venezuela, and with the *centetes solosus*, a species of hedgehog, found in Madagascar; so that dryness, as well as cold, produces hibernation, if, in such a case, we may use that term.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

WHAT is called the *Second Sight* originated, in most cases, from spectral illusions; and the seers, of whom we so often read, were merely individuals visited by these phantoms. The Highland mountains, and the wild, lawless habits of those who inhabited them, were peculiarly adapted to foster the growth of such impressions in imaginative minds; and, accordingly, nothing was more common than to meet with persons who not only fancied they saw visions, but on the strength of this belief, laid claim to the gift of prophecy. The more completely the mind is abstracted from the bustle of life—the more solitary the district in which the individual resides—and the more romantic and awe-inspiring the scenes that pass before his eyes—the greater is his tendency to see visions, and to place faith in what he sees. A man, for instance, with the peculiar temperament which predisposes to see, and believe in, spectral illusions, is informed that his chieftain and clan have set out on a danger-

ous expedition. Full of the subject, he forces their images before him—sees them engaged in fight—beholds his chieftain cut down by the claymore of an enemy—the clansmen routed and dispersed, their houses destroyed, their cattle carried off. This vision he relates to certain individuals. If, as is not unlikely, it is borne out by the event, his prophecy is spread far and wide, and looked upon as an instance of the second sight; while, should nothing happen, the story is no more thought of by those to whom it was communicated.

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

PERSONS are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M. of D.—related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road-side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised faithfully to do; and, bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough as well as melancholy; for, on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate.

DECAY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the renovating influence of sleep, which apparently brings up the lost vigour of the frame to a particular standard, there is a power in animal life which leads it almost imperceptibly on from infancy to second childhood, or that of old age. This power sleep, however healthy, is incapable of counteracting. The skin wrinkles, and everywhere shows marks of the ploughshare of Saturn; the adipose structure dissolves; the bones become brittle; the teeth decay or drop out; the eye loses its exquisite sensibility to sight; the ear to sound; and the hair is bleached to whiteness. These are accompanied with a general decay of the intellectual faculties; there is a loss of memory, and less sensibility to emotion; the iris hues of fancy subside to twilight; and the sphere of thought and action is narrowed. The principle of decay

is implanted in our nature, and cannot be counteracted. Few people, however, die of mere decay, for death is generally accelerated by disease. From sleep we awake to exertion—from death not at all, at least on this side of time. Methuselah in ancient, and Thomas Parr in modern times ate well, digested well, and slept well; but at length they each died. Death is omnivorous. The worm which crawls on the highway, and the monarch on his couch of state, are alike subjected to the same stern and inexorable law; they alike become the victims of the universal tyrant.

The Gatherer.

Bensley's Wig.—One evening at the Dublin Theatre, when Bensley came on for his first soliloquy in Richard the Third, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his head, "shorn of its beams," advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. "Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey—bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a wig (whig) to be hung?" &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance, and released his captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of Richard, to as loud a demonstration of approval as Richard himself.

Cooke was announced one evening to play the Stranger at the Dublin theatre. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gestures; this, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting; but those who were acquainted with his failing, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced "Yonder hut—yonder hut," pointing to the cottage; then beating his breast, and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent agitation of mind. Still this was taken as the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits, and "Bravo, bravo!" At length, having cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: "You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost

for ever. My son too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles, is slain—not many hours ago I received the intelligence, but, thank God, he died in the defence of his king!" Here his feelings became so powerful, that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed 1,000*l.* in his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could decently retire; and the sequel of the business was that he was sent home in a chair, whilst another actor played the part.

Cooke, performing at Bath in Richard the Third, in the second scene when he killed King Henry, a person in the gallery conceiving it was not well done, cried out, "That is not like the Duke of Glo'ster!" Cooke came to the front of the stage, and putting on one of his inimitable looks, exclaimed, "That is not like a Bath auditor." This so delighted the audience, that the censor was turned out of the house, and Cooke went on without further interruption.

W. G. C.

Aged Actress.—A farce called the Half-pay Officer, by Charles Molloy, was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1720; and to Mrs. Fryer (an Irishwoman, who had quitted the stage from the reign of Charles II.) was assigned the part of an old grandmother. In the bills it was mentioned—"The part of Lady Richlove to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared on the stage these fifty years." The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg exerted her utmost abilities. The farce being ended, she was brought again upon the stage to dance a jig, at the age of 85. She came tottering in, and seemed much fatigued; but on a sudden, the music striking up the Irish trot, she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any girl of 20. She afterwards kept a public-house, in the Tottenham-court-road, where she resided until her decease, which took place in November, 1747, aged 117 years.

W. G. C.

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